



VOL. V, NO. 313

GREENSBORO, N. C., AUGUST 25, 1860.

WHOLE NO. 233

### The Water-Lilies.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

I sat in the moonlight  
How soft was its glow,  
It fell over the pine trees  
And over the snow.

As I thought of the pleasures  
I knew long ago  
Of the light that reposes  
And dapples and plays  
Round the vines and the roses  
Of happier days  
Ere the heart is a pilgrim  
In desolate ways.

Back! back to the past  
Had my worn spirit gone,  
Again did I look  
In the brightness of morn,  
Again heard the robins  
Sing loud on each thorn.

And the white water-lilies  
Once more vied for  
On the blue, lonely waters  
I saw them smile there  
As if angels had lifted them  
Up to the sky.

All, all the scene "round me  
That hour I forgot,  
The long road unshaded  
The sun moonlight and stars  
As I looked on the lilies  
That blossomed that lone spot.

O, flowers ye faded  
Long, long ago,  
But ye rise from the dust  
And ye charm me so,  
From the low clouds of memory  
Music comes flow!

And I pass through the gate  
To that beautiful shore  
Where smiles and holy  
I see ye as born,  
As I in the future  
May see ye no more.

By some remarkable oversight in the Editor's statement, only half of this poem appeared last week.

### AUNT PRUE'S STORY.

BY MRS. E. C. LOOMIS.

How dearly we school girls, loved Aunt Prue, and what a perfect little paradise we thought that cozy home of hers! It was a low moss-covered dwelling nestled amid tall evergreens and noble maples, and so completely overrun with jasmine and honeysuckles, that the little quaint windows were almost hidden from view; the low roof, too, was draped with beautiful woodbine and the rude porch festooned with roses.

The little parlor, where every day Aunt Prue sat in her luxuriant rocking chair was a picture of neatness and comfort. The soft, bright carpet and snow-white curtains, the tempting lounges and easy chairs, and above all the china closet through whose half opened door we caught a glimpse of delicate cakes, sweetmeats and ripe fruits prepared for our refreshment, made that cozy little room a charming spot where we dearly loved to assemble and listen to the pleasing conversation of the kind-hearted spinster, who never seemed so happy as when surrounded by the young and gay.

That Aunt Prue had once been very handsome we were all sure. She still retained her delicate, blooming complexion, and her dark eyes were bright and expressive.

"How strange that she should be an old maid," we said.

"I wonder if she was ever in love," cried pretty Rose Somers. "I've had half a mind to ask her."

"Yes, do, Rose," exclaimed several voices. "Do you think she will tell us?" asked one laughing.

"O, no doubt of it; I dare say she will consider her experience a warning to us, and thereby we may be better enabled to escape the shoals and quicksands of matrimony whereon so many hopes have been wrecked."

A day or two after this conversation we all found ourselves comfortably seated in Aunt Prue's parlor. The good old lady was industriously knitting, while a smile of genuine pleasure rested upon her face.

"I should be very lonely without the visits of my young friends," she said. "I believe I am not fitted for a solitary life."

"And how did it happen, Aunt, that you were never married?" cried Rose Somers. "I know you must have had a dozen chances; come, dear Aunt Prue, please tell us all about it."

"You saucy little thing," said the old lady, stroking Rose's soft hair, "do you suppose I am going to tell you wild fables, my cherished secrets?"

"But we are all your true friends, Aunt, and we will promise that nobody else shall ever hear a syllable; and besides, maybe it will do us good, you know."

"I hope you will never be as blind and silly as I was once," said Aunt Prue, with a shade of sadness stealing over her face. "I was young and inexperienced so I fell into a great folly; perhaps it will do no harm to tell you, so I think, Miss Rose, I will gratify your curiosity."

"O, thank you, dear Aunt Prue," said Rose, "all the rest are as eager as I am to hear."

Aunt Prue leaned her head upon her hand for a moment, and we thought we saw a tear steal down her cheek, but the next moment the accustomed smile was upon her lip.

"I was born," she said, "in this very cottage. My parents died before my recollection, but their place was well supplied by my worthy grandmother who lavished upon me much affection. She had once moved in a higher sphere of life and was well educated. Having plenty of leisure, she devoted much time to my instruction, and although I never attended school, I acquired as much knowledge as most girls of my age."

"On the morning of my sixteenth birthday, I stood before the mirror engaged in brushing out the curls of my chestnut hair, and for the first time in my life my cheeks glowed with pleasure at the consciousness of my charms."

"Do not think me vain, girls, when I tell you that at the age of sixteen my face and form were beautiful. Long ago every spark of vanity died out in my heart. In honor of my birthday I wore my prettiest dress of white muslin, and among my curls I twined a wreath of delicate rosebuds. My toilet was just completed, when standing from an open window, I discovered that my pet canary bird had succeeded in pushing open the door of his cage, and was now snugly perched upon a rosebush apparently looking at me, as if he would say, 'I am free, and you may catch me again, if you can.'"

"I sprang out into the garden to recapture my pretty pet, but with a merry chirp he eluded my grasp and flew a little farther away. Thither I pursued him, and still onward he went, always flying so low that I could easily reach him if he had but given me a chance. But the provoking little creature had no idea of being caught, and led me on, until, out of breath, I paused in a beautiful glen where the noble elms met over my head. My cheeks were glowing with exercise, my curls floating in wild confusion over my shoulders. Suddenly I was aware of the presence of a tall young man who stood gracefully leaning against a tree. He advanced toward me.

"Are you a mortal or a fairy?" he asked.

"I was just thinking that this sweet spot must be the abode of some lovely sprite."

"I turned to flee, forgetting my bird which was singing in the branches over our heads, but he caught my hand, saying, 'Rest a moment, gentle girl, for such I find you are; you are warm and weary; I will bring you some water from yonder spring.'"

"Two broad leaves fashioned in the shape of a cup, were soon filled with the cooling beverage and held to my lips.

"Thank you, sir," I said, "I will return now; I see it is useless to try to capture my bird."

"Ah!" he replied, "the songster has indeed escaped; silly thing to leave so fair a mistress." Half offended at his flattering words I walked quickly away.

"I had never seen the young stranger before, but rightly conjectured that he was the only son of a wealthy gentleman who had recently purchased a fine estate which lay about a mile distant. After this incident I carefully avoided the glen, but somehow I met the young man almost every time I walked abroad. His manner was entirely changed. He addressed me in a respectful way, and sometimes asked permission to accompany me. At such times his conversation was instructive and agreeable. He was well informed, having traveled much for one so young, and he seemed to take pleasure in describing to me the varied incidents of his life. Lonely and companionless as I had been, it is not strange that I soon felt a deep interest in him, and when at length he told me that he

loved me, I believed his words and gave him all my young heart. It was a sort of idolatry with which I regarded this Frank Elmore—a worship which I should only have given to my Creator.

"My grandmother knew nothing of the affair. Frank never came to the cottage. He said that for certain reasons our love must for a time be kept secret. So we met stealthily, and I, silly girl, was very happy. I did not then know his true character—did not know that he, though but a mere youth, was the betrayer of innocence. I did not know that even then he was engaged to be married to another, and the nuptial preparations were already being made. True, I often saw him riding with a richly dressed lady to whom he seemed devoted, but he told me she was his cousin and that I was the only one he loved.

"My parents wish me to marry my cousin," he said, "they would bitterly oppose a union with you, my own Prueella, but we will be secretly wedded and when the knot is tied, they will relent, and receive you as a daughter; I know they cannot long withstand your beauty and innocence."

"Base flatterer, who was planning my ruin, and I suspected him not. Blinded by my deep love I assented to his plan which was for me to meet him in a grove about a mile distant from my home. A carriage would be waiting to convey us to a neighboring parish where we were to be united.

"At twilight I stole out unperceived by my grandmother and hastened toward the appointed place, but when about half the distance was accomplished, I saw before me sitting under a tree, a woman who was partially insane. Her head was bowed upon her hands, and she did not see me. I knew if I passed her, my footsteps would arouse her and she would not fail to follow me, so I resolved to take a circuitous direction. Trembling I hurried on through the green meadows and among clumps of birch and willow trees. I was near a rude cottage the abode of a widow and her son, when in attempting to cross a narrow, but deep brook, upon a log, I lost my balance and fell. That fall into the stream was for me a fortunate circumstance for thereby I escaped much misery and shame. Unable to climb the steep bank I was greatly terrified and thought I should surely drown. My screams attracted the notice of the widow's son, who jumped in to rescue me. He bore me to the cottage where the kind-hearted widow supplied me with dry clothing and promised that her son should accompany me home when I was recovered from my fright.

"It seems providential that you came here to-night, Miss Prueella," said she, "I was just about to start for your grandmother's house, as I have something of importance to reveal to you."

"She then proceeded to inform me that her son had that afternoon been an unobserved listener to a conversation not designed for him to hear. While hidden among the thick branches of a tree two young men paused beneath him and talked in a low tone. One was Frank Elmore who revealed the plan he had formed to allure a simple cottage girl away, with a promise of marriage, and the other young man was to personate the minister in the mock ceremony. My name was mentioned to the great astonishment of the youth in the tree, who as soon as the plotters passed from sight ran home and revealed what he had heard. At first I could not believe this story true, but when the old lady told me that she knew certainly that Frank Elmore was to be married in the course of a month to his cousin, Miss Winslow, and start immediately for Europe, I was forced to admit his villainy.—O, my young friends, you cannot imagine the anguish of my soul, when I found I had been thus deceived. I have never yet quite recovered from the shock. A protracted fit of sickness followed, and before I recovered Frank Elmore was in Europe with his bride. I have never seen him since but I hope he has repented of his crimes.

"Let my simple story, girls, be a warning to you and beware how you form attachments in a clandestine manner."

"When a young man wishes to conceal his acts and motives you may be sure there is something wrong. My escape from a life of sorrow and disgrace was providential, indeed; I look back with regret at the follies of my youth, but thank God for his preserving care."

As Aunt Prue concluded her story, she glanced at Rose Somers who was very romantic and who, at that very time, was carrying on a secret correspondence with a gentleman whom she had met but a few times while on a visit to the city. She had then a letter addressed to him in her pocket, but instead of mailing it, the first opportunity she wisely resolved to commit it to the flames.

"If he really cares for me, he will come forward in an honorable manner," thought she. "I will have no more secrecy."

Aunt Prue relapsed into a thoughtful mood as she often did when the events of her early youth were recalled, and bidding her an affectionate adieu, we separated for our several homes resolved to profit by her advice.

### A Test for the Weary.

BY JAMES S. WATKINS.

More of freedom's perspiring virtue  
See perils, infinite, to venture  
And thus, thine own, to have—

A rest for the weary there is in the skies,  
Where angels sing and seraphs cry with love;  
Where God calls the holy, the righteous to rise  
And join the bright seraphim choir above.

There's a peaceful abode in Abraham's bosom,  
Where pain and all sorrows their pestilence cease;  
Where many, God's chosen, have found a safe rest,  
And now are rejoicing forever in peace.

There's a land 'mid the clouds where mortals ne'er tread,  
A land where the bright, golden city is found;  
A home for the righteous—the chosen of God—  
A home where the angels of light doth abound.

O! I long for that home—that home of the blest,  
Far beyond the mere life of Jordan's dark water;  
Where many bright spirits have gone to the rest,  
And triumph o'er sorrow, old death and the grave.

Press on, happy children, press on to the end,  
May the angel of hope ever with you remain—  
Remember that "heaven is a home," and that  
And a home in that mansion, eternal, you'll gain.  
Bellevue, N. J.

### RELIGIOUS WORLD.

DE. CUMMING ON THE "SIGNS OF THE TIMES."  
Dr. Cumming has been stating his opinion at Leeds, respecting the great events which, according to his interpretation of the Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse, are looming in the future.

He said the year 1867 seemed to end 6,000 years of the world's history, and from the earliest periods onward it had been almost the universal belief that the six days of creation were typical of those 6,000 years, and that the seventh day of creation, or the Sabbath, was typical of the millennial rest of 1,000 years. But they would say that, supposing this was so, they were at this moment over 140 years short of the 6,000 years. It was a remarkable fact, however, that the ablest chronologists, irrespective of all the prophetic theories, had shown that a mistake of upward of one hundred years had been made in calculating the chronology of the world, and that the 1860 of the Christian era began, not from 4001 of the world's history, but in the year 4,138, and that the year of Christ's birth was five years before that, or in 4,133. If his premises were just, then they were at that moment within seven years of the exhaustion of the 6,000 years; so that if 1867 was to be the termination of this economy, they had arrived at the Saturday evening of the world's long and dreary week. If this was so, it was a magnificent thought that there were some in the assembly who would never die. They were just plunging into days such as they had never before seen; a European war was looming, more dreadful than that through which they had recently passed, and when these things happened it would be seen that the sentiments he had uttered were not the dreams of fanaticism, but the words of soberness and truth.

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL AT NEW YORK.  
Archbishop Hughes has ordered the suspension of work upon the new Catholic cathedral at New York. The walls of the building are now some ten or eleven feet, on an average, over the surface, and give an earnest of what the structure will be when finished, but there is such a lack of funds for proceeding with the work, that the Archbishop will not allow it to go on, for fear the workmen will be defrauded of the fruits of their honest labor.

### PROGRESS IN GERMANY.

Pev. Dr. Ocken, of the German Baptist mission, states that such has been the progress of the work of God in Germany, that 1,058 persons have been added to the churches during the past year, an increase of fifteen per cent., while many more prodigals have been converted and reclaimed from their wanderings. At the close of 1859 there were 736 preaching stations, an increase of 107 over the previous year. Eighteen new missionaries were sent out by these German Christians to Poland and elsewhere, who have been cheered by great success.

### METHODIST JURISPRUDENCE.

A writer in the *Western Christian Advocate* says: "Nearly four years ago a probationer in the bounds of the Ohio Conference preferred charges against a full member, whereupon the question, 'Has a probationer in our church the right to prefer charges against a full member?' presented itself to the preacher in charge for a decision. The preacher decided he has, and entertained the charges. The case was then appealed to the quarterly Conference, when the same question was presented to the presiding elder, and he gravely reversed the decision of the preacher in charge, and answered—'he has not.' Upon this decision a charge of maladministration was preferred against the presiding elder, which brought the question before the Annual Conference. The case of maladministration was referred to a committee. The committee reported against the presiding elder, and answered the question again—'he has.' Some of the members of the Conference not being satisfied with this answer, determined to present the next question to the presiding bishop, whose prerogative it is to decide questions of law in an Annual Conference; whereupon Bishop Ames again reversed the decision, and said—'he has not.' Some were still unsatisfied, and in order to test the matter fully, the Conference referred the question to the General Conference. Here the question loomed up again, and the Committee on Law Questions reported adversely to the decision of the bishop, and said again—'he has.' Now the question was fully before the chief council of the Church, the law making power itself, for a final decision. They (the General Conference) simply amended the report of the committee by adding the little word 'not,' making it—'he has not.' Thus the question is finally settled."

### VIRGINIA METHODISTS AND THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.

The official board of the M. E. Church, South at the Fredericksburg, Va. station, met on the 5th inst., and passed resolutions cordially approving of the action of the members of the M. E. Church, Baltimore Conference, at that station, in reference to the legislation on the subject of slavery by the late General Conference, and extending to them the right hand of fellowship as unto brethren in the bonds of common Methodism.

### BENJAMIN BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

The 27th annual meeting of the Benj. Baptist Association convened with the Baptist Church in this place on Friday last.

The Introductory Sermon was preached by Elder S. G. Mason, of Vanceville.

At 3 o'clock, P. M., the ministers and delegates met, and the Association was organized by electing Elder S. G. Mason, Moderator; Elder L. H. Shack, Clerk, and Mr. H. C. Stroud, Assistant. After the reading of the Church letters, the Association proceeded regularly to business.

The Association was gratified to see in attendance, as visiting brethren, Dr. G. W. Samson, President of Columbian College, Elder W. M. Wingate, President of Wake Forest College, Elder M. T. Sumner, Corresponding Secretary of the Domestic Mission Board, Elder B. F. Marable, Corresponding Secretary of the Board of the Baptist State Convention, Elders J. J. James and J. S. Walthall, Editors of the *Biblical Recorder*, and sundry other brethren in the ministry.

Twenty two out of the twenty-five churches comprising the Association, were represented by letters and delegates. Two new churches, constituted within the past year, petitioned for admission into the Association, and were received as constituents members.

The sessions of the Association were very harmonious and interesting. Missionary Missions were made the promi-

ment object in the deliberations of the body. An effort was made to set on foot a plan that would give more efficiency to missionary labors and colportage within their bounds. An Executive Board composed of Messrs. James P. Foster, Wm. Lea, A. Graves, J. M. Lindsey, S. A. Powell, T. D. Oldham, and G. W. Thompson, was appointed, and authorized to appoint missionaries and colporters, to receive and disburse funds, &c., and requested to meet at least four times during the year, at such times and places as may be agreed upon by them, and report to the Association.

Other business of much importance was transacted.

The Presbyterian and Methodist churches tendered the use of their houses of worship, which were accepted with pleasure, and a vote of thanks returned by the Association, and also to the citizens of Hillsborough and vicinity for their kindness and hospitality in receiving and entertaining so cordially all the delegates and visitors.

The Association adjourned on Monday, at half-past 2 o'clock, P. M., to meet again on Friday before the second Sunday in August, 1861, with the Friendship Baptist Church, Stokes County.—*Hillsboro Recorder.*

#### PERVERTS.

The British Standard gives a list of one hundred and twenty-five members of the University of Oxford who have gone over from the Established Church to the Roman Catholic Church. They consist of two archdeacons, eighty-four other clergymen, and thirty-nine laymen.

#### N. C. CONFERENCE.

This body meets in Salisbury this year, on the 5th day of December. Bishop Payne will preside.

#### JEWISH DISABILITIES.

The clause in the Constitution of North Carolina, prohibiting Jews from holding office, is a blot upon the good name of the Commonwealth and should be rescinded. It is probable that another effort will be made, at the next meeting of the Legislature, to secure its removal. The mode of effecting the object is a matter of indifference to us, but we cannot withhold our approval of the movement and the expression of our hope that it will succeed. As pre-biblicans and friends to civil and religious liberty, we regard the clause as odious and intolerant, and shall rejoice to see it expunged from our Constitution.—*N. C. Presbyterian.*

#### VOTE FOR GOVERNOR.

1856. 1860.

COUNTIES. BRAGG, D. QUAKER, W. ELIAS, D. POOL, W.

COUNTIES.	BRAGG, D.	QUAKER, W.	ELIAS, D.	POOL, W.
Alamance	176	645	772	812
Alexander	496	411	423	594
Alhambra	—	—	573	102
Ames	311	712	282	887
Ashe	734	708	289	889
Burke	525	451	663	583
Burroughs	189	736	918	519
Camden	308	491	479	538
Carroll	479	245	532	379
Carteret	339	833	628	1119
Catawba	404	468	410	422
Chatham	425	695	429	572
Cherokee	608	118	969	457
Crawford	784	535	803	834
Cumberland	1375	928	1023	861
Currituck	251	259	265	278
Dalton	308	300	718	129
Danville	307	474	96	541
Davidson	433	502	481	501
DeWitt	632	574	664	518
Durham	1124	211	955	224
Edgecombe	438	423	376	343
Forsyth	550	146	704	219
Franklin	1369	518	968	419
Gaston	825	1091	1072	1208
Gates	323	286	481	693
Greene	1114	158	1358	107
Guilford	158	159	1082	127
Henderson	1089	928	1015	828
Hertford	744	304	810	260
Hillsboro	739	134	869	290
Johnston	1225	594	1143	978
Lincoln	371	269	457	212
Martin	432	289	421	463
McDowell	439	392	421	431
Mecklenburg	507	354	577	368
Mooresville	632	229	694	206
Montgomery	432	289	421	463
Nash	323	286	481	693
Northampton	339	833	628	1119
Orange	404	468	410	422
Perquimans	425	695	429	572
Pitt	608	118	969	457
Polk	784	535	803	834
Rockingham	1375	928	1023	861
Rowan	251	259	265	278
Stokes	307	474	96	541
Swain	433	502	481	501
Taylorsville	632	574	664	518
Tenney	1124	211	955	224
Union	438	423	376	343
Wake	550	146	704	219
Washington	1369	518	968	419
Wayne	825	1091	1072	1208
Wilkes	323	286	481	693
Wilmington	1114	158	1358	107
Yadkin	158	159	1082	127
Yancey	1089	928	1015	828
Total	57,555	44,951	58,475	52,211

Bragg's majority, 12,594. Elias' maj. 6,141.

#### POISON.

To prevent the constantly recurring cases of poisoning by mistake, it has been suggested that arsenic and other poisons be put by druggists in red paper and marked with the skull and crossbones, as is done in some parts of Europe, and that in fluid poisons the same symbols should be put on the bottles. This the most illiterate could understand.

#### Legislature of N. C. 1860-'61.

##### SENATE.

Pasquotank and Perquimans—J M Whedbee, Whig.

Camden and Currituck—B F Simmons, Democrat.

Gates and Chowan—M L Eure, Whig.

Hyde and Tyrrell—Jones Spencer, Whig.

Northampton—J M S Rogers, Democrat.

Hertford—J B Slaughter, Whig.

Bertie—David Outlaw, anti-ad val. whig.

Martin and Washington—J R Stubbs, whig.

Halifax—M C Whitaker, democrat.

Edgecombe and Wilson—H T Clark, democrat.

Pitt—E J Blount, whig.

Beaufort—Frederick Grist, whig.

Craven—N H Street, democrat.

Carteret and Jones—I M F Arendell, whig.

Greene and Lenoir—J P Speight, democrat.

New Hanover—Eli W Hall, democrat.

Duplin—Dr James Dickson, democrat.

Onslow—L W Humphrey, democrat.

Bladen, Brunswick, &c.—John D Taylor, democrat.

Cumberland and Harnett—Duncan Shaw, democrat.

Sampson—Thomas I Faison, democrat.

Wayne—W K Lane, democrat.

Johnston—J W B Watson, democrat.

Wake—M A Bledsoe, ad val. democrat.

Nash—A J Taylor, democrat.

Franklin—W Harris, democrat.

Warren—T J Pitchford, democrat.

Granville—C H K Taylor, democrat.

Person—C B Winstead, democrat.

Orange—Josiah Turner, Jr., whig.

Alamance and Randolph—Jena Worth, whig.

Chatham—W S Harris, democrat.

More and Montgomery—W D Dowd, whig.

Richmond and Robeson—Alfred Dockery, whig.

Anson and Union—S H Walkup, whig.

Guilford—John M Morehead, whig.

Caswell—Bedford Brown, democrat.

Rockingham—F L Simpson, democrat.

Mecklenburg—John Walker, democrat.

Cabarrus and Stanly—V C Barringer, whig.

Rowan and Davie—Dr J G Ramsey, whig.

Davidson—Jno W Thomas, Ind. whig.

Stokes and Forsyth—Jesse A Waugh, democrat.

Ashe, Surry, &c.—Jos Dobson, democrat.

Iredell, Wilkes, &c.—L Q Sharpe, whig.

Burke, McDowell, &c.—W W Avery, democrat.

Lincoln, Gaston and Catawba—Jasper Stowe, democrat.

Rutherford, Polk, &c.—A W Burton, democrat.

Buncombe, Henderson, &c.—Marcus Erwin, democrat.

Haywood, Macon, &c.—W H Thomas, democrat.

Democrats 31; Whigs 19—democratic majority 12.

##### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Alamance—Giles Melbane, whig, John Tab-

scott, democrat.

Alexander—Dr J M Carson, whig.

Anson—L L Polk, E R Liles, whigs.

Ashe—T N Crumpler, whig.

Burke—J H Pearson, democrat.

Buncombe—A S Merrimon, whig.

Bladen—C T Davis, democrat.

Bertie—P T Henry, whig, John Ferguson, democrat.

Beaufort—R S Darnell, W T Marsh, whigs.

Branswick—T D Meares, whig.

Calwell—Dickson, whig.

Cabarrus—W S Harris, whig.

Catawba—Jonas Cline, democrat.

Chatham—W P Taylor, R N Green, whigs.

Cherokee—G W Hayes, whig.

Cherokee—G W Hayes, whig.

Craven—C C Clark, F E Alfred, whigs.

Cumberland and Harnett—C G Wright, J S Harrington, J C Williams, democrats.

Chowan—Small, democrat.

Columbus—N L Williams, democrat.

Camden—D D Ferebee, whig.

Carteret—D W Whitehurst, whig.

Caswell—John Kerr, S P Hill, democrats.

Currituck—B M Baxter, democrat.

Cleveland—A G Waters, J R Logan, democrats.

Davidson—Lewis Haynes, E B Clark, whigs.

Davie—Howard, whig.

Duplin—J D Standford, J G Branch, democrats.

Edgecombe—R R Bridgers, J S Woodard, democrats.

Forsyth—J F Pointexter, whig, Philip Bar-

row, democrat.

Franklin—W F Green, democrat.

Gaston—J H White, democrat.

Granville—J M Bullock, W H Jenkins, S H Canaday, democrats.

Guilford—C P Mendenhall, C E Shober, J L Gorrell, whigs.

Greene—A D Speight, democrat.

Gates—John Boothe, whig.

Haywood—S L Love, democrat.

Halifax—A H Davis, W B Pope, democrats.

Hertford—J J Yates, whig.

Henderson—Jos P Jordan, whig.

Hyde—Tilman Farrow, whig.

Iredell—A K Simonton, A B Gaither, whigs.

Jackson—J R Love, democrat.

Jones—W P Ward, democrat.

Johnston—W H Watson, Jas Mitchener, democrats.

Lenoir—J C Wooten, democrat.

Lincoln—John F Hoke, democrat.

Madison—John A Fagg, democrat.

Martin—J L Ewell, democrat.

McDowell—C H Burgin, whig.

Moore—Alexander Kelly, whig.

Montgomery—E G L Barringer, whig.

Macon—D W Siler, whig.

Mecklenburg—S W Davis, J M Potts, democrats.

Nash—H G Williams, democrat.

New Hanover—S J Person, Daniel Shaw, democrats.

Northampton—M W Ransom, W W Peebles, democrats.

Onslow—J H Foy, democrat.

Orange—H B Guthrie, W N Patterson, whigs.

Pasquotank—J T Williams, whig.

Perquimans—N Newby, whig.

Pitt—B G Albritton, Churchill Perkins, whigs.

Person—J D Wilkerson, democrat.

Robeson—Alex McMillan, Eli Wishart, democrats.

Rockingham—Rawley Galloway & Thos Slale, democrats.

Rowan—N N Fleming, N F Hall, democrats.

Rutherford—C T N Davis, whig, B H Padgett, democrat.

Randolph—J H Foust, Thos S Winslow, whigs.

Richmond—J G Blue, whig.

Sampson—N C Faison, Geo W Autrey, democrats.

Surry—W Waugh, democrat.

Stokes—Horatio Kallum, democrat.

Stanly—Lafayette Greene, whig.

Tyrrell—C McCleese, whig.

Union—C Q Lemmons, democrat.

Wake—S H Rogers, J P H Russ, whigs, H Mordecai, democrat.

Warren—J B Batchelor, W H Cheek, democrats.

Washington—C Lantham, whig.

Watauga—George N Folk, whig.

Wayne—W T Dorch, M K Crawford democrats.

Wilkes—A W Martin, Horton, whigs.

Yadkin—A C Cowles, whig.

Yancey—J W Bowman, democrat.

Democrats 65; Whigs 55; democratic majority 10.

Democratic majority on joint ballot 22.

Some of the paper have put down Bowman the Commoner from Yancey, as a whig, but the Asheville News says he is a democrat.

#### The new Crusade.

More than seven centuries and a half have elapsed since Peter the Hermit roused all Europe to arms to deliver the Holy Places at Jerusalem from the sacrilegious hands of the Mohammedans. He went to Syria for the purpose of enabling himself to testify to the truth of the tales told by the thousands of Christian pilgrims who visited that unhappy land about the cruelties inflicted on them by the ruthless Turks. The report he brought back, and the eloquence with which he depicted the sufferings of Christians, produced the greatest "revival" the world has ever seen. Pope Urban II, in a frenzy of excitement, commissioned him to go through Europe, calling upon king and peasant, noble and tradesman, to quit their callings, and fastening on their breasts the symbol of the Cross, sail forth to encounter the innumerable hosts of "Mahound and Tergastant." The call was eagerly responded to by the piety and the superstition, the ignorance and the love of adventure, of the age. It was the cause of Christ and his church that the mailed warriors of the first Crusade espoused. The cause of humanity was unknown to them. They were too much familiarized with bloodshed and violence to perceive that the human race has rights, which appertain to it throughout the world. We are all familiar with the Crusades. For nearly one hundred and eighty years the fever raged more or less strongly in Europe, but it was cooled down at last, when Edward I. of England concluded the truce with Bilars the Mameluke Sultan of Egypt, whereby the Christian king admitted himself to have been vanquished, and surrendered to his adversary the remnant of the strongholds of the Crusaders in Palestine. Five hundred and eighty-eight years have elapsed since that truce was signed, and during that time Syria has remained in the undisputed possession of the Mohammedans. All travellers concur in depicting its desolation under the blighting rule of the Turks. But the long night of despair has come to an end, and the day of regeneration is dawning through mists of blood. Europe, roused to indignation by scenes which have taken place in the Lebanon, is organizing a new crusade. The press is the Peter the Hermit of modern times. It needs not the eloquence of an Urban or of a Bernard of Clairvaux now a days to stir men up to glorious deeds. In less time than it took those Apostles of the Crusade to tell their simple story of the profanation of the Holy Sepulchre, the electric telegraph flashes the tidings of Turkish atrocities not only to England and France, but to the remote parts of this continent and of Russia—portions of the globe which they dreamed not of. And no less time than it took to marshal the vast hosts which followed the standards of Godfrey de Bouillon, of Bohemond and Tancred, will a force, organized and armed in a manner would have scattered that host like chaff, be landed in Syria and in possession of "the Holy Places."

We rejoice at the prospect. The new crusade, will be undertaken for a higher motive than the reinstating of any particular church; it will set forth on the cause of humanity, and while the Mohammedan fanatics will be restrained within bounds, and taught that they may not indulge their ferocity with impunity, they will receive a lesson in toleration, by being allowed to practice their own religious rites in peace. Christianity itself has learned the lesson of toleration, and is now essentially different in spirit from what it was in the days of the crusades. It is on the ground of humanity alone that the Emperor of the French has announced his intention of inter-

fering in the frightful contest. He is right: For on that ground alone would he be justified in interfering in the domestic troubles of another country. Turkey has been tried long enough. She stands self-condemned to the world. She can give no good account of her stewardship, and if she ever had a mission it must have been one of brute force, like that of the rod to a naughty child. The sins of the Byzantine Empire drew down upon it the heavy curse of Ottoman misrule: but those sins have long since been expiated and visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. It is time this encampment of Tartars in the fairest regions in the world—"the clime of the east, the land of the sun"—should be broken up and dispersed. The Emperor's plan is to form an armed intervention of all the Christian Powers, thereby removing from himself the charge of designing to add a new province to the French Empire. To use his own words, published in the *Constitutionnel*, under the signature of M. Grandguillot: "Turkey is either powerless or has no foresight. The evil which has been committed is great; but Europe, having knowledge of the same, will neither permit its continuation nor its renewal; and will remember her duties towards populations that have been too long oppressed, and have for three centuries endured servitude to Turkey." The historical inaccuracy here may be pardoned, for in one sense it is not inaccurate. This sounds very like a bull; but the Emperor is speaking literally of the duration of the present, or Ottoman, Turkish dominion in Syria, which dates from the year 1516, when Sultan Selim the First wrested that country from the Mamelukes; but the fact is that the servitude of the Christians in that land dates from the year 636—twelve hundred and twenty-four years ago—when the army of the Roman Emperor Heraclius was annihilated on the banks of the Hieromax by the wild Arab followers of Mohammed. From that day to this Syria has been enslaved. The Caliphs of Bagdad, the Caliphs of Damascus, the Seljukian Turks, the Mameluke Sultans of Egypt, and the Ottoman Turks, have successively oppressed it, though it must be admitted that under the latter the wretched land has sunk to a depth of misery surpassing anything previously known.

But to return to the Emperor's announcement. He contemplates the permanent occupation of Syria. We take this to be his evident meaning, otherwise it would be impossible to prevent subsequent fatal outbreaks. And thus we are brought at once to the great question, "What is to be done with the rest of the Turkish Empire?" The Mohammedans throughout the East are in a ferment. They say "our destiny and our duty is to propagate Islamism. We are commanded by the Koran to exter

## Times' Correspondence.

Our trip to Orient.—What we saw, heard and so forth.—A distinguished person.

Regarded Times: Here we come, with our "budget," in hopes to interest the readers of the "Times."

We left our quiet domicile, on the ninth, and wended our way slowly to pier 32 James Slip, where we found the admirable steamer "Massachusetts" ready to puff steam, and be off.

Injustice to Captain and Clerk, it is well that we speak here of the courtesy and attention shown us by those brave gentlemen; and dear Southern friends, should you come North, and desire a pleasant sail, we would advise you to throw yourselves under the protection of the courteous Captain Havens—for really he is a gentleman worthy of your patronage.

A delicious breeze was blowing from the south-west, when we set sail—and our sail up the East River and around Montauk Point, and along the sound, was grand! Grand because, of the sunlight, and fresh air, and the merry scenic beauties, that met our sight on every hand. Long Island shore is dotted with some of the most beautiful country villas that can be found anywhere. In imagination we could think of nothing else but the original paradise allotted to Mother Eve, and only wished that that rampant spirit curiosity had lain dormant till now. With our usual disposition to soar aloft, we sought the Hurricane Deck, and on reaching that stand point, we were a little surprised to find the speed of the boat decreasing, and a general stir demonstrate I among all on board.

Even then we had to probe deeper, for one of the "lords of creation" had discovered he was not on "terra firma" but actually sailing up the river. In fact he was a little "lumpy," and wished to be set on his native soil, thus the decrease of speed and a final dead halt in the progress of our sail.

We went prowling around to see what was to be seen. A distinguished passenger, "Our own Artist"—Tom Nast—by the way a very agreeable fellow was taking items, sketches, &c. &c., for "Frank Leslie's" Paper. Good humor prevailed on board—laughing and joking seemed to be the order of the night—all went as merry as a marriage bell. At the noon of night, fair Luna shone forth in all her glory! Her silvery rays kissed the waters in every cove, and the sand presented a more glorious (?) appearance. Lovely nature glowed with the beauty of her own loveliness.

As the marble is brought to life by the sculptor's hand, so the infinite breathes through the soul, the beauties of His immaculate conception.

After nine hours' sail, Orient, with its fine sea beach, piscatory sports, &c. &c., meet our view, Orient Point, with its long pier extending over the beach, far into the water. Broad fields of waving corn and clover blossom met our view, right and left—thence we proceeded through a narrow lane to the "Orient Point House," which stands upon level ground, fronting a beautiful lawn, shaded by some old trees, which look as though they had done service for many, many years.

One broad expanse of waters surrounds this lovely spot. In fact it seems a star, dropped from the ethereal firmament, in the ocean of waters, just the place for the "Literary."

The red, white and blue waves in graceful magnificence, over this delectable mansion, and the host, a jovial old gentleman, who has been in the public service for the last twenty years, is well adapted to this line of business, pleased with everybody, and a vice versa.

Here is his card—"Orient Point House, Oyster Pond Point, L. I., is now open for the reception of guests. T. F. Parsons, prop."—A splendid place for bathing, boating and fishing.

Many of the Long Robe were among the guests. No particular "notoriety" was discernible, although some were expected. However we will not remain to see them "lionized."

Not wishing to weary your longer, kind friends, with our correspondence, we will withdraw, asking mercy.

KATE J. BOYD.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A POWERFUL AURORA. We understand that for two hours on Wednesday morning, the "aurora," as it is called when seen at night, powerfully affected the wires of the American Telegraph Company.—The heavenly current was first noticed at about 9 A. M., and its action was of a decidedly erratic character. At one time it would reverse the effect of the battery, and then again would act with it. A test, by means of a galvanometer, showed in one instance that the pole of every battery was reversed. We learn from New York that the same effect upon the wires was noticed there and also at Springfield.

AN ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION. Commander Murry has addressed a letter to Lord Wrottesley, which was read at the recent meeting of the British Association at Oxford, in which he proposes an expedition to start from Melbourne, for the purpose of investigating the continent surrounding the South Pole. He thinks the circumstances which favor the existence of an open sea at the North Pole, are not so strong and direct as the proofs and indications of a mild polar climate in the Antarctic regions. He promises to do all in his power to promote the sailing of a South Polar exploring expedition from the United States.

Mrs. Holt wife of Post-Master General, died at Washington on 15th instant.

## AN INTERESTING RELIC OF THE HERO OF THE HERMITAGE.

We were shown yesterday the hat worn by General Jackson on the occasion of his inauguration as President of the United States for a second term. The hat is in an excellent state of preservation, and though in its style forcibly reminding us of its distinguished wearer, it would hardly pass for fashionable. It is white, very broad brimmed, and has a wide cravat on it. The tip bears the imprint of the maker, "Orlan to Fisk, Broadway, 137, New York—manufactured for his excellency, Gen. Andrew Jackson."—*Nashville Banner.*

## WALKER IN NICARAGUA.

A letter in the *Herald*, from Belize, gives some information of Walker's movements. He is reported to have gone to Swan Island. Part of the cargo of the schooner Clifton, suppose to be connected with the expedition, had been seized by the British authorities at Belize, to whom the vessel was afterward surrendered by her captain. Walker was reported to be preparing for a descent on Costa Rica or Nicaragua.

## DEATH OF MISS VANDENHOFF, THE ACTRESS.

Miss Vandenhoff, (Mrs. Swinbourne,) the daughter of Vandenhoff, the tragedian, and herself an eminent actress, died recently in Birmingham, England. She was born in 1815. A Liverpool paper thus speaks of her: "About three years ago she married Mr. Swinbourne, an actor of some repute, but the union, we fear, was not a happy one. Our readers need not be told that the deceased was an accomplished and beautiful creature, full of genius and fine feeling, and that she was as good as she was fair. In the classical drama she had no equal, for in her face was realized the dreams of Grecian artists. She was, we believe, an only daughter, and doted on by her afflicted father."

## DIAMONDS IN AUSTRALIA.

An interesting discovery, namely, the existence of native diamonds, has been made in Australia. The stone was discovered in the black sand of the Ovens district by an Irish miner. Rubies, and other gems, of very small size, had previously been found in the same deposit.

## MELTING CHURCH BELLS INTO CANNON.

A Palermo letter of the 24th ult., says: "The plan ordered by Garibaldi, of melting down the church bells to make cannon, continued in active operation. Every one of the churches is to supply at least one bell, and those edifices in Palermo are very numerous. I, this morning, saw twenty-five or thirty of these bells lying in the court-yard of the University, which serves as a barrack, and also seven pieces of cannon and a large pile of balls."

## VOLCANIC Eruption IN IRELAND.

Accounts from Iceland give an account of an eruption—after thirty nine years' repose—of the volcano called the Rotunda, of the Myrdalsjokel Mountains. On the 7th May several shocks of earthquake were experienced in the Parish of Myrdal, in which the volcano is situated, and the day after an enormous volume of water was cast up from the crater. Mixed with the water were large quantities of cinders and the eruption was accompanied by a subterranean noise. On the 11th and 12th smoke cinders, and balls of fire were thrown up.—The smoke rose to such a height that it could be seen at the Reikjavik, though at a distance of more than twenty miles, and though mountains five thousand feet high rise between the two places. The eruption continued, with intervals more or less long, to the 26th, but fortunately, it did no harm to places in the vicinity, the cinders and other things it threw up being carried by the wind partly to the sea and partly on to some glaciers. It presented a very imposing spectacle. Previous eruptions of the same volcano did great injury; one in 1625, in particular was terrible; and it is recorded that some of the cinders thrown up were actually carried as far as Bergen, in Norway. Another, on the 18th October, 1755, caused devastations in five Parishes. It preceded by a fortnight the earthquake at Lisbon.

## BIRD SHOW.

A great Bird Show is announced for the 28th, in New York, under the direction of the American Institute. Among the premiums offered, which are liberal and varied, we regret to see the following:

For the best collection of living Insectivorous Birds properly named—large Silver Medal. For the best collection of prepared Insectivorous Birds, properly named—Silver Medal.

## A BODY FROM THE HUNGARIAN.

The body of Mr. W. R. Crocker, of Norwich, Ct., was recovered from the wreck of the ill-fated *Hungarian* steamship on last Thursday. Papers of some value, by which the body was identified, and some money, were found in the pockets.

## RATHER TAUGHT SNAKE-Y.

A citizen of this vicinity tells the following. A snake having swallowed an egg, crawled along over the nest, but not feeling sated, returned to indulge a little further. In his gyrations, however, he passed his head and a portion of his body through a jug handle. This movement brought his head in immediate proximity to the nest, when he forthwith gulped down another egg. Now with an egg on each side of the jug handle, his snakeship could escape neither backward nor forward, but was held in "duress vile" until dispatched.—*Union Springs Journal.*

## DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF SOLDIERS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

Toronto, August 13.—While workmen were making excavations to-day near the old Fort in this place, they discovered the remains of fifteen bodies of British and American soldiers who fell in the war of 1812. Several buttons, bayonets and epaulettes were also found.—One had the initials of the Pennsylvania Rangers on it; another is marked "U. S." and another "18th British Grenadiers." A few American coins were also found. From the position of the bodies, it is evident that they were buried in a trench near where they fell. General Pike and two hundred Americans and a number of British were killed near this spot in 1813 by the explosion of a powder magazine.

## GARIBALDI AN IRISHMAN.

Garibaldi's name has given rise to some amusing philological speculations. An Irish enthusiast declares that the liberator of Palermo is the son of an Irish Priest, and that his real name is Garry Baidwin which the Italians have corrupted into Garibaldi. There is a square in Genoa, however, which for a hundred years has been known as the Piazza Garibaldi, because the family house was situated there. Then there was once a king Garibaldi who was crowned with the iron crown at Monza. In the Lombardic language the word meant "bold in war"—and Garibaldi by his bravery at Rome, Montevideo, Palermo and Varese proves his right to his name.

## DEATH OF THE NEAREST MALE RELATIVE OF AARON BURR.

The *Saratoga News* has the following obituary announcement:

Mr. Charles Burr died at his residence in this village on Tuesday evening. The inheritor of wealth, he was of an eccentric disposition, and for years preferred a committee appointed by the courts to take charge of his wealth. Generous and upright, he was generally respected. His age was about 70 years.

## The Albany Express adds:

"Charles Burr," as he was familiarly called resided in Albany for many years, and was in very indigent circumstances, boarding with a poor woman who, we believe, resided in Canal street, his father paying his board—two dollars a week—when at the same time his father was estimated to be worth a quarter of a million. "Poor old Charles" used to peddle almanacs, pamphlets, &c., around our streets. Many a time and oft have we seen him trudging along, through sleet and snow, with that old "white coat," and with shoes minus half their soles, and his toes protruding.—His father died at Sandy Hill in 1830, without making his will, consequently Charles his son and heir, became possessor of the vast fortune. He married a widow Beach, daughter of the late Senator Young. Since his marriage, Mr. Burr has resided in his splendid mansion at Saratoga Springs. As Mr. Burr has no children we suppose his immense property will go to his widow who is yet young and blooming, and withal amiable and kind hearted.

## AFFRINDISH OUTRAGE.

We have rarely heard of a more diabolical and fiendish outrage than the one perpetrated yesterday, eight miles above this place, and two miles above Russellville, in Hawkins county. It seems that a man, or rather a demon, by the name of Joshua Ballard, armed himself with a scythe blade, and started from his home with the intention of murdering some person. The first man he encountered was a Mr. Bowley; but it appears that Bowley escaped with out material injury. He then went to the house of a Mr. Horner, and told him he intended to kill him, and commenced cutting him with his scythe blade. Horner received eight severe wounds upon the head and other parts of his person. We are informed he cannot possibly survive. Ballard then went to the house of a Mrs. Robinson: she saw him coming and closed the door. Ballard, however, broke the door down, went in, hauled her from under the bed, and inflicted several severe wounds; she by some means escaped from him. Not yet satisfied, he commenced upon two of her children, inflicting several gashes upon their bodies. By this time several of the neighbors had collected to take him; but Ballard swore he would not be taken, and started in a run for his home. He was hotly pursued, however, and barely reached his house and secreted himself in his cabin loft, when he was fired upon through the cracks between the logs. There was a bag of cotton in his loft, which he used to screen himself from the bullets, and our informant, a gentleman of veracity, says that some seventy-five shots were fired, before he was killed. He stood and cursed his pursuers till he fell dead. His mother also stood in the yard during the time, swearing she would send the whole party to hell before she was done with them.

It appears that Ballard was a desperate character—addicted to strong drink and all kinds of dissipation. He was the champion of the neighborhood and most men were afraid to encounter him single-handed. We saw him engaged in a row with the Irish in this place, some five years ago, and he made a party of about twenty leave the street. We are opposed to lynch law, but in this case there was, it seems, no other alternative.—*Morris-town (Tenn.) Intelligencer.*

## MURFREESBORO CITIZEN FOR SALE.

Mr. C. H. Foster, proprietor, contemplating a change in business, offers for sale the Type, Fixtures, &c., and good will of the Citizen.

## OUTBREAK AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The animosity which incited the recent horrible massacres of Christians in Syria has also been exhibited in Constantinople. A great disturbance took place July 13th, between the Moslem and Christian Armenians, which exhibited the temper of the Mohammedan population, and at the same time showed the instability and inefficiency of the Government.

A Christian Armenian having died, his friends attempted to bury the body in the burying-ground where they had a legalized right, but were prevented by a mob of Mohammedan Armenians. The Christians appealed to the Armenian Patriarch, who sent an order, with a police force, to permit the burial; but the mob still refused. Night came on and interrupted the proceedings. On Sunday and Monday the Sultan was appealed to, and finally decided in favor of the Christians, and dispatched a military force to protect them in the burial. On Tuesday the Patriarch went over to the side of the mob, and the Sultan, becoming frightened, revoked his order. The English and American ministers then had an interview with the Sultan, and constrained him to do justice to the Christians. So on Tuesday the military were sent and cleared the ground. On Wednesday the burial was to take place, and several thousand troops were present, and after a conflict with the mob the grave was dug, and the body ordered to be put in. The mob now became furious and endeavored to press forward to the spot. At this juncture the commander's courage seemed to fail him, and he ordered the grave to be filled up and another to be dug in the middle of a neighboring carriage road. In this most dishonorable place the Protestants, as previously advised by the ambassadors and missionaries, refused to bury their dead. The commander would not yield, and the Protestants retired, leaving the body in the hands of the Turks. By this time it was buried in the street, after which the immense mob was allowed to rush over the grave, each one tramping and spitting upon it. After this, by way of palliating his disgraceful conduct, the commander ordered that the road should be turned aside and obliterated and a space enclosed around the grave. This was done, and it has ever since been guarded by a company of soldiers.

The correspondent of the New York World, who furnishes these particulars, says: The excuse which the government offers for this conduct is that this mob really has nothing to do with Protestantism, but was got up under Russian influence for the purpose of bringing about a collision between the Turkish soldiers and the Christian population of the city. They say, we know that if the soldiers had been allowed to fire upon this mob an immediate insurrection would have broken out all over the city.

## STEAMER IN COLLISION WITH A WHALE.

On last Monday forenoon, the St. John Steamer, Eastern City was on her passage from this city to Portland, she ran upon a whale, knocking off her forefoot, and causing a slight leak. At that time the vessel was about ten miles N. N. E. of Thatcher's Island, and was going at her usual speed. A school of five whales were in sight, playing about, when suddenly one of them rose just forward of the bows, and was struck on the side, about two thirds of the way back from the head, causing quite a shock to the vessel. The whale dove instantly, and not being seen again, was supposed to be killed. It was a large whale, judged by those who saw it to be seventy-five feet long. A few minutes after another whale was seen coming towards the ship at great speed, and it was expected that the creature would attack the steamer, but at two lengths distance it suddenly "dove" and disappeared. *Boston Traveller.*

A new counterfeit on the Bank of Charlotte, North Carolina, is thus described: 5s, altered—viz, a locomotive and cars, bridge and hills in the background; fig. 5 and a man's head on the left. The spurious has a woman with scale, sword, &c., on right.

## ARKANSAS ELECTION.

New York, Aug. 17.—Dispatches from Arkansas asserts the election of Rector, the independent candidate for Governor. He was 2,765 ahead of Johnson, the regular democratic candidate, with eighteen counties to hear from. Hindman and Grant, democrats, are elected to Congress from the first and second districts.

## THE GREAT ELEVATOR.

A Southern gentleman at a hotel in Ohio, the other day gave a negro waiter a dollar, which the darkey thus acknowledged:

"Thank e, massa. Southern gemenen always so—cuss us if we don't tend 'em right, but dey always gives us a dollar or two fore dey leave. But dese Abolishun gemenen mighty hard to suit, and requires so much tention, an when dey leave, shake your hand look up to de sky an' say: 'God bless you my unfortunate friend, and elevate you in the scale of humanity, or something like dat, but never give us de thing to elevate us.'"

## MORE METAL.

Large veins of Copper and Silver ore have, we understand, been discovered near the Hiwassee River, some 20 miles from this place. East Tennessee ought to be the most desirable country in the world. Its hills abound with mineral treasures—it has abundant water power and for manufacturing and its rich valleys teem with prosperity and health. Why should any one wish to leave them for the parched prairies of Texas or the ague-breeding swamps of Arkansas?—*Athens (Tenn.) Post.*

## THE SILVER SPRING OF FLORIDA.

At the late American Scientific Convention, Prof. John LeConte read a paper on the phenomena presented by the "Silver Spring," in Marion county Florida. Although the phenomena of this spring had been greatly exaggerated, yet he found, on paying it a visit last December, that it was sufficiently wonderful. While it was reported to be two hundred feet deep, a careful measurement showed it to be only thirty feet. On a clear and calm day the view from the side of a boat is beautiful beyond description. Every feature of the bottom is as clear as if there was no water above it, but only the clear air. The bottom is thickly covered with luxuriant vegetable growth, developed by the large amount of sun-light which penetrates there. Objects beneath the surface of the water, viewed obliquely, appear surrounded by prismatic hues. The beholder seems to be looking down from some high point upon a truly fairy scene.

## AMERICANS MURDERED IN ARIZONA.

The Arizona correspondent of the St. Louis Republican writes from Fort Buchanan on the 29th ult.:

One of those shocking scenes which have so often heretofore tarnished the fair fame of Arizona, has been enacted, which resulted in the murder of three valuable citizens, two of them from St. Louis. On the morning of Monday, 23d inst., the Peons, eleven in number, working at the San Pedron mine, headquarters of the St. Louis Mining Company, arose and surprised the whites, murdering them, and decamping with all the moveable property. The murdered men were Frederick Brunckow, mining engineer; John C. Moss, chemist and assayer; Jas. Williams, machinist. W. M. Williams, general superintendent of the mine, had left for Fort Buchanan only a few hours before for supplies, thus providentially escaping the terrible fate of his companions. The object of the murderers was undoubtedly plunder, as the Peons had been uniformly treated with kindness.

## DEATH OF AN ELEPHANT OF A BROKEN HEART.

The performing elephant "Victoria" died at Iowa city, California, on the 11th ult. The day before, she and her mate "Albert," in crossing a river, were washed down the stream. Upon getting out and missing him, she became very wild, and scattered the people in quick time. Albert was gotten out safely, after some trouble, but Victoria failed rapidly, and died next day. Her body was dissected, and the heart found to be burst. She was valued at \$15,000.

## FROM BERMUDA.

Hamilton, Bermuda, papers of August 7th, are received at New York.

A comet, which had been visible at Hamilton nearly a week, disappeared on the 13th.

A census of the Islands is to be taken.

A petition of the Roman Catholics for pecuniary aid in support of a priest, was refused by the Assembly.

At Barbadoes the agricultural interests were suffering severely from continued drought.

Preparations are being made by the Government and citizens of Bermuda to receive the Prince of Wales in an appropriate manner on his arrival at that island, the Assembly appropriating £1,000 to defray reception expenses.

The Postmaster of Bermuda recommends the enactment of a law compelling masters of sailing vessels to carry the mails between that island and the United States. The present rate paid to masters is two pence per letter.

## AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS OF N. CAROLINA.

Thirty years ago, North Carolina abandoned the growth of cotton, owing to causes not very clearly defined, but such as that the season was too short, the "spring too backward," soil too thin, &c., but has returned to it with vastly increased energy, producing a greater yield in one county now, than in the whole State formerly. And it is making the cotton growing districts rich, signs of which are seen in the improvement of lands, of buildings, and the general condition of the population. There are already planters who make 1000 bags, which, at \$50 per bag is \$50,000; and ten years ago the same men did not produce a bale!

## THE LAW OF EVIDENCE.

There is now before the House of Lords in England, a bill introduced by Lord Brougham, to amend the law of evidence, some notice of which may interest the profession here. It is proposed, by this measure, to enable all defendants in criminal cases, as is done in civil, to give evidence for themselves, on oath, in cases of misdemeanor, in which the prosecutor himself is examined, the condition being that they must also submit to cross examination, and to prosecution for perjury, if they make any false statement. There is every prospect that this bill will be passed this session.

## DEATH OF REV. WM. D. JONES, D.D.

The numerous friends of Rev. Wm. D. Jones, D.D., will be grieved to learn that he died at his residence at Holston Springs, Scott county, Va., on Sunday night last. He was a native of this country, but removed to Kentucky in early life. He was at one time president of Centre College, Danville, Ky., and for fourteen years pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Hopkinsville, in that State. For several years he was president of the Rogersville Female College and at the time of his death, principal of the High School at Holston Springs. He was a high-toned, excellent christian gentleman, and had but few equals as an instructor of youth. He had just entered his 63rd year. —*Danville Appeal.*

Why are shawls like husbands? Because every woman should have one.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
Just Eighteen.  
BY INA CLAYTON.

I am just eighteen to-day,  
And I have made my grand debut.  
I graduated at Miss Mott's,  
Where I learned a thing or two.  
Tra la, la, la, la, that's so,  
Tra la, la, la, that's so!

I can paint just to a charm,  
Now for the languages I speak,  
Let's see, German and Italian,  
Latin, French and Greek.  
Tra la, la, la, la.

In music I am an adept,  
And I can waltz and dance, dear me,  
Count Osmun said I was the belle,  
At Miss Darnwood's soiree:  
Tra la, la, la, la.

I can dress, and flirt and laugh,  
Equal to any other one,  
And I can "cock" Count Osmun, too,  
When he is fairly won.  
Tra la, la, la, la.

I know my eyes are bright as stars,  
My teeth like strings of pearls,  
My cheeks like roses in full bloom,  
My hair in shining curls.  
Tra la, la, la, la.

I have a Papa who will give  
Me all the "fin" I chance to need,  
But if he should ever object,  
Then how I could coax and plead!  
Tra la, la, la, la.

I have a tasty waiting maid,  
I would not dress myself, oh no,  
Mama would think I was absurd,  
So would Count Osmun, too, I know:  
Tra la, la, la, la.

Ha! I am just eighteen to-day,  
With nothing in the world to do,  
My education is complete,  
Adieu, old books, I'm done with you!  
Tra la, la, la, la.

I'll live a life of idleness,  
Work, oh please! I scorn the name,  
I need not toil to earn my bread,  
Others must "do all the same!"  
Tra la, la, la, la.

## CONESTA: A TALE OF FOREST DAYS.

BY "ASHLEY."  
CHAPTER IV.

From this time a feeling of close kindness had sprung up between Mr. Iredell and his family, and Senaska the chief of the Tuscaroras. With father's gratitude, he had so pressed his hospitality upon him, that the usual reserve of the red man had been in a measure broken through, and the chief and his son Conesta were often seen within the bounds of the farm, where their dignified demeanor and unsophisticated curiosity concerning the various appliances of civilized life, afforded much entertainment to the inmates.

The mind of Senaska seemed chiefly bent on acquiring the knowledge which, though vaguely, he yet appeared to hope might at some period be useful to his people. Conesta's eyes, though appreciating very well all he saw, would yet dwell longer, on the fair form of Kate. He came oftener than his father, and even while engaged with others, he would sometimes catch his deep sad looking eyes watching her with a peculiar interest. This was all natural enough, but Kate did not dream of the sequel, and, as in duty bound, we must acquit her of coquetry.

One fine morning she was stooping among the flowers and bushes of the garden, when the form of Conesta appeared at the little wicket. She gave him friendly greeting, and in a moment he was by her side and apparently interesting himself in the work she was engaged upon, enquiring the names of the various plants, and then giving them to her in the Indian tongue. At last silence fell between the two, Kate continuing her occupation, and Conesta standing near watching her intently. At length he spoke.

"When one more sun shall fall, the Tuscaroras will be on the path to their hunting grounds again."

"Indeed," replied Kate, looking up, "it is true your people have lingered some time by the graves, but in the next year we will see you again, I hope."

"Conesta would return before then," answered he, in soft accents. "There is love in his heart for the fair Wood-flower, and he would make her his bride."

Stoical in demeanor, metaphorical and sparing in language, yet simple and straightforward in meaning, there was no mistaking him, and a sudden pang shot through Kate's breast as she realized it. The child of nature loved her, and though of itself the fact, rightly viewed, involved a high compliment apart from other considerations, yet, of course, there were many such and weighty ones, through the medium of which the matter appeared in alternately a ludicrous and painful light. Kate's countenance, therefore, took the impress of each in the course of her reply, which was as straightforward as the proposal.

"Would Conesta seek one who cannot love him? She whom he seeks for, is of another race which the Great Spirit has drawn apart from his own. And besides," added she, smiling somewhat merrily at the thought, "she is not fitted to flourish out of her own soil, and the tasks of Conesta's lodge would fall from her hands undone, and his warriors and their wives would laugh at him and her."

"Conesta is a chief of a nation," replied the Indian, drawing himself up proudly at what he considered might be a contemptuous allusion in the maiden's speech to the difference of race between them. "The tribes of his brethren are

as the stars of the winter night, and they suffer the white man to plough feebly the borders of their hunting grounds, which spread half way between the rising and the setting sun."

"Nay, nay," said Kate, perceiving and hastening to remove the impression from his mind, "I meant not to say that the white man should despise the Indian; far be it from me to speak thus of the people of Senaska, but simply that one like me, brought up from childhood in the customs and habits of my people, so different from yours, would find it hard indeed to become used to them, perhaps never could, and never could perform the duties required to do justice to the name of a chief."

"The maidens of the Tuscaroras, the daughters of the chiefs and of the great warriors of the people, would love the fair Wood-flower and teach her all the cunning of their hands," eagerly replied Conesta.

"But beside this," continued Kate, driven to her last argument, and with drooping eye and blushing cheek, "I can be the bride of no other than him who will shortly come to claim me."

A quick shadow fell across the face of Conesta as he comprehended the state of affairs, and he was silent, while Kate again bent over her plants.

After a short pause, "The Great Spirit will bless thee then," said he, "and make pleasant thy hearth among thy people. Though the Wood-flower may not bloom in the lodge of Conesta, her fragrance shall be around his heart, and her voice be sweet to him in the wilderness. The sun is high and calls to the wood."

So saying, he turned and was lost to view.

On the evening of that day the feet of the chiefs tarried late from the camp, and it was by the light of the night-fires that Conesta entered bearing the lifeless body of Senaska, and laid it down before the door of the chief's lodge. Then it was that amid the hurrying to and fro of his surprised followers, their fierce and gloomy brows, and quick eager questionings, that the sad tale was told how, after the day's hunt and separation of the two to meet at the day's close on converging trails, Conesta loaded with the carcass of a buck and drawing near the point of meeting had heard the unusual sound of the rifle, and laying down his game, with the habitual caution of an Indian had proceeded to investigate the cause; striking directly for the sound, and crossing the gully or ravine before mentioned it did not take him long to discover the dead body of his father, and from its position, the nature of the ground, and the well known effect of gun-shot wounds upon the posture of those slain by them, already well learned by the observant savages, to find out the position of the assassin, and without exposing himself, to track him as we have already seen.

And now preparations were made for the immediate interment of the chief, and for a departure with the morning light upon the track of the murderer.

Decked carefully with his most ornamented garb, the body lay upon a bear-skin spread on a rack of matted boughs. Solemn silence prevailed throughout the camp, and the dark forms were motionless in their various attitudes seen by the light of the smouldering fires. At length the moon rose clear and full above the tree tops and shone upon the scene. Conesta, advancing, stood by the body. At this signal the rest of the Indians glided silently forward, and four of the warriors, lifting the bier, bore it through the camp to the woods. In a short time they arrived at the grave dug in the ancient burial ground of the tribe, and amid the mouldering bones of their generations. Laying the bier alongside, they proceeded to equip the corpse for its long and dreary journey to the spirit-land. Between the left arm and the body were placed the heavy bow bent and strung, an arrow in the right hand, and the full charged quiver close by. The bright hatchet and scalping knife were inserted in the gorgeous belt, and the lower limbs enfolded in a robe of skins. Cakes of corn meal and slices of venison were placed at the side. Over the whole the bear-skin was closed and the body received into the grave, which was then filled up, and all returned to the camp to await the dawn.

### CHAPTER V.

Let us bind the pinion of time for a little while, so that we may overtake him within proper limits, and go back a week or two.

Kemp, stunned and confuted by his initiation into the mysteries of the ball-play given him by Senaska, was hurried to his horse by the two men we left coming to his rescue, lifted to the saddle, and being too bewildered and nerveless to sit firmly as yet, his feet were quickly bound beneath his horse's belly by a belt, and then, supported by his comrades on either side, they urged up their animals as fast as circumstances allowed, and were soon at a safe distance from the settlement. Striking across the forest guided by marks well known to the woodsman, and taking advantage of the occasional openings, the decline of the sun found them riding down the slope of a knoll which led to the edge of a heavy swamp. Skirting this for some distance until a certain point was reached, one of the men turned directly into it at what seemed to be a hopeless quagmire, but in reality was a tolerably firm bottom laid a few inches beneath a soft oozy surface, and sufficient to sustain the weight of an animal under an ordinary walk. The others following, they picked their way along guided by their woodmarks until, after advancing about a quarter of a mile through the rank growth, they emerged upon a hard dry tongue of land completely hidden from view of the point of entrance and the margin, by the intervening

bushes and trees. Here they rode for a long distance dry shod, when again descending to the oozy bottom, they proceeded as at first through various windings until a second time they emerged as before upon hard soil. Riding now at a smart gallop, in free conversation they commented upon their late disaster.

We need not detail their remarks interspersed with many a bitter curse from Kemp, whose spirit if it had ever been softened by what earthly influence alone could soften it, his love of a pure and gentle woman, had now under the stings of disappointment and disgrace, resumed all its old fierce and dangerous nature.

Already working darkly and strongly within it were schemes not only of attaining his former purpose, but of deadly revenge, perhaps its strongest trait.

Having ridden some time, the party at length drew rein, and one of them placing his hands to his mouth produced a peculiar sound a blending of the deep cry of the owl and a loud hollow whistle. Immediately from the wood ahead came an answering cry, and proceeding at a walk, soon from behind the trunk of an oak stepped a man in the garb of a woodsman or hunter, and bearing rifle and broad bladed hunting knife. Saluting Kemp with something of military form, the latter addressed him half familiarly, half authoritatively.

"Well Bolton, what cheer now?"

"Naught captain but venison, except that the redskins have been somewhat more cheerful than common; by some means or other they got hold of one of the stray whiskey jugs, and, to while away the time in this dull brush, have been whooping and dancing somewhat freely, but it is all over now, and they are quiet enough," replied the man, resuming his former position as the party passed on and at a short distance entered the precincts of a camp.

Arranged here and there among the trees were hastily constructed tents of sapling thatched with brush. Several fires blazed at intervals helping even the light of the day which came rather languidly through the thick trees.

About the place were grouped the figures of men in the garb of those forest days, differing slightly in details according to fancy, and among them several Indians sitting or lying down and gazing heavily around. Rifles and arms of smaller size were well distributed.

After Kemp had entered and exchanged greetings with the men, who seemed to look up to him as a sort of chief, he was joined by one of them, a dark man with small keen eyes glancing sharply over a heavy mustache and beard; him he took aside and entered into close conversation with. After a while the latter called aloud to one of the Indians who rising, came at once to them and joined the conference, during which he several times clutched the handle of his knife and gesticulated strongly, and when they separated at its close there was a fierce light in the eyes of the savage as he strode back and flung himself on the earth.

Each day after that, three of the Indians alone started from the camp by early light and returned late and always without gain, holding talk with Kemp and the other, on their arrival each time. One day at length, unusual preparations were discerned in the place; none had left the camp, and all were busy cleaning arms and accoutrements with gleesome laugh and coarse jest. Knapsacks and hunting pouches were brought forth and filled with provision, and every man busied himself according to his own or the general need. After midday, the Indian, before-mentioned with another, accompanied by two of the white men bearing their rifles, left the camp and disappeared by the route along which we have already traced Kemp and his men. The day drew to its close, and though the warm flush of the sun set, yet fingered and there was light abroad, yet, in the dense growth of the swamp, it was heavy twilight when the peculiar signal cry was heard outside the camp, and again as the reply was given by the sentinel.

A few minutes lapse, and the Indians and men who had departed in the morning, entered and took their places by the glowing coals.

"Well," said Kemp, approaching the party and addressing one of the white men, "what news of the game, Dixon?"

"Dead, dead, Captain, of no use to any one now but the wolves; no bullet of mine ever went fairer under the shoulder of a flying buck than that now under his."

"Are you sure of it?" said Kemp.

"As sure as word without scalp can prove it; and scalp I could have shown had I let Maneka have his own way, but I feared that some of the others might not be far off, and so made straight back to blunder the trail, and left the carcass to the crows."

"It is well," replied Kemp, "now for the main chance; bring up the men, Harris, after they have eaten, and let us to the night's work."

### CHAPTER VI.

Silently but rapidly through the deep gloom of the swamp moved the picked party of nine men headed by Kemp with the Indian Maneka at his side. All were mounted, and the stillness was only occasionally broken by a word, and the dull tramp of the horses, or the sucking of their hoofs in the quagmire.

Emerging into the more open forest at a point somewhat different from the former, a short halt was ordered, and Kemp proceeded to detail the plans of the night; this finished, the ride began in earnest. Dashing between trees and over fallen trunks, winding around or leaping over brush, and dodging vines and branches, they swept along at a swift gallop,

their rough looking but hardy and sure footed beasts, which would have excited the risibilities of an English steeple-chase, bearing them safely and rapidly through places, where in a run of five hundred yards the aforesaid steeple-chase would have been a mass of "confusion worse confounded." Two hours brought them to a heavy clump of trees, where at the word the party reined up, and entering made fast their horses. Kemp with the Indian then leaving the party proceeded along an indistinct path which, had it been day, we would have discerned to be very similar to that along which his retreat was made after his encounter with Senaska nearly two weeks before. Reaching the little log house already mentioned, they crept along the under brush skirting the rule fence enclosing the farm yard, cautiously keeping the wind between themselves and the premises, until a rise in the ground enabled them to scan the place carefully by the light of the moon just risen. All was silent; not even the whine of a dog was heard. Extending their view a short distance round, they quickly retraced their steps to the party who, receiving some hurried directions from Kemp, at once followed him towards the house, leaving one of their number with the horses.

Entering the little wicket by the spring and drawing near the house, the savage bark of the dog which rushed towards them, was cut short by a howl of pain, as an arrow from Maneka's bow plunged through him, and he dropped in the death-struggle.

And now, from the woodpile, two long round logs were selected, and each, borne on the strong arms of four men, were forthwith carried to the back door and leveled against it with rapid strokes endwise. The first blow reverberated sullenly through the building; at the second the loud screams of the females were heard, and the shouts of Iredell calling to his people. The blows fell in quick succession on the double plank trellis barred within, producing but small effect, when Kemp, to whom time was now everything, knowing the value of each minute, seized a hatchet from Maneka, and blazing out a spot in the plank half way between the centre and bottom of the door, directed the men to strike there and nowhere else. The effect was soon visible: receiving the powerful blows at a point unsupported by the bars, the plank began to yield and crack. Redoubling their efforts as the splinters flew, soon with a crash the end of the log was driven through, at the same time, that a report of firearms was heard from within, and the bullets pattered harmlessly against the door. Plying the other log, the door soon shook and rattled beneath the strokes, and the wood torn away in large splinters, fell within. The discharges of firearms continued, but the assailants knew their work too well, and giving the opening a wide berth, the bullets which came through it, fell harmlessly beyond, while the rest were buried in the wood. Suddenly ordering the men to desist, Kemp, standing close the door, inserted within the breach a crooked piece of wood he had seized from the pile, and pressing it upwards, the middle bar flew from the socket, and fell to the ground within.

"New men strike the centre," cried he, and the heavy beams were again plied with desperate energy. Deprived of their main support, the planks soon gave in with a crash, and Kemp leaped through followed by the men. As they entered, they were met by a volley, and with a groan one of the men sunk down. By the flash the figures of Iredell and two men were seen standing in the passage way between the rooms, of which there were four on one floor.

There was no light in this passage, which was a wide one, the occupants started out of slumber, and hastily rushing to the defence, had either no time to get on, or had preferred the darkness as giving them more safety while their aim could be better upon the forms of the assailants appearing athwart the open door.

"On men! down with them," shouted Kemp, as with blood now thoroughly up they sprang forward to his call, and the unequal struggle commenced hand to hand.

Iredell and his men were no mean foes; athletic, bold spirited, and fighting on their own hearthstone, their blows were dealt with the vigor of despair.

Kemp however had no design to expose himself to more danger than was necessary to his purpose. His object was to be attained. Leaving the battle to his men, and retaining Maneka by him he tried the door of the nearest room; it opened and he entered; it was vacant except the simple furniture; the opposite one was then tried;—it was fast.

Drawing a short heavy axe provided for the purpose, from his girdle, a few strong blows drove it from its fastenings and they entered. By the light of a single candle Kate was bending over the form of her mother who lay in a swoon upon the bed, and clasping her in her arms, herself almost paralysed by fear, and only able to cry out faintly through white lips as they approached "Mercy! mercy!"

Such mercy as the wolf feels in the chase, when gathering for the last spring upon his quarry.

Seizing her struggling in his arms, while Maneka again closed the door, Kemp dashed a window from its fastenings and sprang to the ground, Maneka following.

Bearing her rapidly across the farm-yard, they soon reached the spring and the path beyond, along which they hastened as quickly as possible and arrived at the grove where stood the horses.

Interchanging a few words with Maneka, the latter hastened back to the house and Kemp was left with the sentinel and his prey.

She had fainted, and placing her in charge of the man he busied himself in arranging a kind of rude pillow or cushion in front of his own saddle.

Scarcely had this been done before steps were heard, and the men came up bearing their wounded comrade who had been shot down on entering the house, and another severely wounded in the affair.

Upon blankets folded in front of the saddle, the wounded men were placed, supported by those riding behind, and three others being detailed to assist, they were sent off as quickly as might be, in one direction to some other rendezvous of this lawless band, while the remainder, including Kemp, with Kate, a prisoner, rode rapidly back to whence they came.

We will not follow them; suffice it that the desperate man who headed this company of ruffians, had the satisfaction of once more regaining his deep-hidden, and as he fondly thought, trackless camp, whence, after a short rest and rubbing down of horses, a final departure was taken for some still more distant spot where pursuit would be in vain, and rescue, if ever attempted, forever hopeless.

(To be continued.)

### I Love Thee Still.

TO "OLLIE IRVING," BY HENRI LA VEDE.

In vain I try the past to forget;  
And in vain would proud ambition fill  
The vacuum in my lonely heart—  
The past intrudes, and—I love thee still.

In vain I remember broken vows;  
And in vain would break the mystic spell,  
By gazing upon other fair brows—  
I see but thine, and—I love thee still.

In vain my worldly prospects brighten;  
In vain doth a smiling future fill  
My bosom with proud hopes, which lighten  
The burdens of life—I love thee still.

In vain I mix with the busy crowd,  
And in vain ramble o'er dale and hill;  
My heart's "still voice" yet speaks aloud—  
Tones that will be heard—I love thee still!"  
New York.

### THE ZOUAVES OF THE REVOLUTION.

It may be interesting to know that there were Zouaves in the War of Independence.—The New York Post publishes an extract of a letter, written by a young soldier in the Connecticut army to his parents, which follows, stating the fact:

"Dear parents:—Our company arrived here last night very late, hungry and tired. Training is a good deal harder than old Spire Fell tells of. If he'd marched fourteen miles a day for three days and carried his prog, besides father's old French war fusée, I calculate he'd not been so encouraging to us boys. I don't find fault, mind; I only wish to let you know that we are not on a May party."

"At Millford tavern we were joined by two companies of soldiers from New Haven and a company of 'queer fellows' as Jake calls them, from the Southern Colonies. They are riflemen, and are commanded by Col. Cresap. They don't use any bands, as we do, but sleep on the ground, all in a row like Indians do.—But their antics in military exercise are of the most curious kind. They load and fire their rifles lying flat on their bellies. After that they tangle themselves all up in a knot, and look just like a porcupine, with game sticking out all over them. But the wondermost part of their actions is their hitting a mark. Any one of them can hit a small potato at forty rods distance. You never saw anything like it.—When we get to camp I will write more about these riflemen, who would amuse the girls if they could see them cut their antics."

The company described in this letter is also alluded to in Moore's *Diary of the Revolution* as follows:

August 7, 1775.—On Friday evening last arrived at Lancaster, Pa., on their way to the American camp, Capt. Cresap's company of riflemen, consisting of one hundred and thirty active, brave young fellows, many of whom have been in the late expedition under Lord Dunmore against the Indians. They bear on their bodies visible marks of their prowess, and show scars and wounds which would do honor to Homer's Iliad. They show you, to use the poet's words—

"Where the good battle bled at every vein."

"One of the warriors in particular shows the cicatrices of four bullet holes through his body. These men have been bred in the woods to hardships and dangers from their infancy. They appear to be unacquainted with the passion of fear. With their rifles in their hands, they assume a kind of omnipotence over their enemies. One cannot much wonder at this when we mention a fact that can be fully attested by several of the reputable persons who were eye witnesses to it. Two brothers in the company took a piece of board five inches broad and seven inches long, with a bit of white paper; about the size of a dollar, nailed in the centre, and while one of them supported the board perpendicularly between his knees, the other, at the distance of upwards of sixty yards, and without any kind of rest, shot eight bullets through it successively; and spared a brother's thigh. Another of the company held a barrel stove perpendicularly in his hands, with one edge close to his side, while one of his comrades, at the same distance, and in the same manner before mentioned, shot several bullets through it, without any apprehension of danger on either side.—The spectators appearing to be amazed at these feats, were told that there were upwards of fifty persons in the same company who could do the same thing; that there was not one who could not plug nineteen bullets out of twenty, as they termed it, within an inch of



**MORE LAWYERS.**

THE OLDEST MAN IN THE UNITED STATES  
The Editor of the Cincinnati (Ohio) Times  
recently visited Solomon Pangborn, of Rising  
Sun, Indiana, who says he was born in the city  
of New York, a small town of five or six hun-  
dred houses, 1725. He is consequently 110  
years old. Shortly after his birth his father  
purchased a farm on the Mohawk River, 100  
miles far from Fort Johnson, whither he removed

The boy was recently taken to Nashville for medical treatment. The doctors decline to do anything for him, however. But during his stay in the city, his sight suddenly returned, when he threw his arms around his father's neck and exclaimed: "Oh, father, I see!"

---

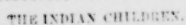
Two girls, cousins, aged fifteen and sixteen, hug themselves in Jackson county, Iowa, cozily, on account of loving the same man.

son of Mr. Culver, had made arrangements to attend the balloon ascension at Saratoga. His mother, however, the night previous to the ascension, having dreamed that her boy was called hence by a voice from Heaven, would not consent to his going so far from home, being unable to repress the fear that some calamity was about to befall him; to lessen his disappointment, allowed him to accompany some companions in the first berrying. In returning, however, they were at the river, when by some misstep the boy fell in and was drowned. His comrades tried to rescue him but their strength was sufficient."

**NEW STOCK OF HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS, UMBRELLAS, &c.**—I desire the attention of country merchants and purchasers to my new stock of Hats, Caps, Straw Goods, Umbrellas, Canes, &c., which is now very full and complete, comprising a great variety of styles and quality, suited to the spring and summer trade. The stock has been selected with great care from the most approved manufacturers, and is well adapted to the wants of every section of country, and will be offered at prices that cannot fail to please.

JAMES L. WOLFE,  
No. 17 Sycamore st., Petersburg.

**H**ENRIKSON'S PILE LOTION - The only known cure ready for the piles. For sale by drug stores. may5 FORTEN & CORRELL



**HENRICO PILE LOTION** -  
 The only known sure remedy for the piles. For  
 sale at the Drug Store, may be had of PORTER & GORRISON.